

"POORE WELL QUALIFIED," SAYS STATE SUPERINTENDENT.

"W. A. Poore, in my opinion, is exceptionally well qualified for the position he now holds in Eddy county," declares State Superintendent Alvin N. White today, in discussing the announcement of Mr. Poore that he is a candidate for re-election as county school superintendent.

"Mr. Poore is a Peabody Normal school graduate, of Nashville, Tenn., continued Mr. White, "and he made a special study of educational methods in the University of California. He is a thorough going educator and I do not think he will have any opposition to his re-election. He is a man of high character, of course, is to nominate men for school offices regardless of politics and with regard solely to their efficiency. The sooner we take schools out of politics the better will be our schools and the more efficient will be our force of educators. I think the people realize that in many places. Certainly it is that in New Jersey, where the people seek the best education possible for their children, they have shown this spirit going out of the state to pick a man to head their educational system."

BISHOP APPROVES TRAWLER CAPTAIN'S ACT.

London, Feb. 6 (1922, a. m.)—The bishop of London, the Right Rev. Arthur Winnington Ingram, speaking at Stoke Newington last night, said: "One of the saddest men in England must be the skipper of the trawler who came upon the sinking Zeppelin in the North sea. The skipper would have liked to save the men, though they were enemies, but was unable to trust the Germans' word. Had he taken the Germans on his ship they might have attacked the crew and the whole German press would have applauded the action as a clever piece of strategy."

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given of the dissolution of the partnership of the firm of Armstrong & Dow of Carlsbad, New Mexico. The dissolution is altogether friendly and is occasioned only by the candidacy of one member of the firm, Robert C. Dow, for the office of district attorney. Bills payable to the firm should be remitted to John W. Armstrong.

JOHN W. ARMSTRONG,
ROBERT C. DOW.

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BEST OF COLD DRINKS

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A TALE OF RED ROSES



By
GEORGE
RANDOLPH
CHESTER

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CHAPTER III.

An Engagement Without a Kiss. BERT, annoyed by the events of the evening, but relieved to some extent by Molly's inexpressible and delightful change of manner toward him in the pleasant half hour before the party had dispersed, took his thoughtful place in Sledge's machine and prepared for the usual welcome silence, which those who knew him had a right to expect

from the reticent boss. To his surprise, however, Sledge talked.

"Great party, Molly, had," observed the donor of the fireworks and the music and the jasses and the red roses. "A feverish success," agreed Bert. "Molly is inclined to give you all the credit for it."

"She can have anything she wants," stated Sledge. "I'm going to marry her."

"Did she say so?" inquired Bert. "Not yet," acknowledged Sledge. "She's thinking it over."

"Oh!" returned Bert, much relieved and smiling in the darkness. He complacently twirled his mustache. He had a good one on Molly.

"What time am I to see you in the morning about that Person property?" he inquired, determined not further to discuss the lady.

"Eleven o'clock."

Bert went into the house, half amused and wholly vexed. It might be very funny to see this blundering big bear making a fool of himself but the joke was entirely ruined by the fact that at the same time he was making a fool of everybody else.

Bert knew, to the share, how much street railway and tram and Electric stock Marley held. The growing city needed rapidly increased transportation facilities, and with the increase of these would come an increase of Marley wealth and influence. It might be a very handy thing for a young real estate dealer to have the president of a rapidly expanding street railway company for a father-in-law. He went to sleep dreaming pleasantly of extensions and subdivisions and advance information on factory sites—and of Molly, of course!

He awoke determined to concrete these dreams or to dismiss them and find others. Molly had either to accept him or definitely to turn him loose after what other fish there might be in the sea. The absurdity of having Sledge for a rival was too much to endure.

He went to his office, dividing this train of thought with his plans for the marketing of the Person tract, hurried to the First National to secure a loan of ten thousand on the new property and arranged at the German bank for an extension of certain other loans which he had to be deferred if he used his ten thousand available funds to complete the cash purchase which readily demanded. These more urgent matters disposed of, he called on Molly.

"May I come out?" he demanded. "When?" drawled a languid voice. "Right away."

"No," she drawled again. "But, Molly, I must see you," he seriously insisted. "It's important."

"It always is," she laughed. "What's it about this time?"

"Oh, the same old thing," he acknowledged, "only more so."

"You're crowding them closer together," chided Molly. "Moreover, this is the first time by telephone, I think."

"I didn't mean it to be so," he apologized. "You've trapped me into it and taken away any chance I might have of persuasiveness. Now I suppose it will be the same old answer."

"Not necessarily," was her astounded reply. In the same sleepy drawl. "What?" he gasped. "Say that again."

"Not necessarily," she repeated, and he caught the sound of a repressed giggle.

"You're teasing me," he protested. "You don't mean that I'm to have the right answer this time?"

"It depends on what you mean to the right answer."

"The one I've always wanted."

"What one is that?"

"Yes," he hurried.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, what?" he confusedly demanded.

"I will, one time, I must see you, all platinum settings. I like the gold with the platinum prongs. Silver and a bit."

"Unmistakable," he earnestly continued. "There is a certain familiarity which I am keenly missing. I'm coming out."

The governor's ball being considered by common consent the first social gem of the season, after which lesser social lights might presume to shine with authorization, everybody who was anxious made it a point to be there and compare artillery. They made it a special point this year since Governor Waver's term was expiring, and a shire at least of the governor's social glory would flicker out with his office.

Molly stayed in the first breathing moment after the grand cascade of introductions and then about the stately modern mansion with an air of proprietorship, so this was her second visit, and she displayed with all the conservatism of the fountain, the marble swimming pool, the pipe organ, the outdoor sleeping rooms and the sunken gardens, all of which she had mentioned to Sledge the previous day. She had not known until afterward that she had had this very place in mind.

"It's a dream!" declared Fern, with sweet enthusiasm. "Wouldn't you like to own a wonderful place like this, Molly?"

"It isn't worth the moral price," judged Molly, looking about the beautiful grounds with a sigh of admiration, nevertheless. "It would be nice though, after all," she finally admitted.

"Mrs. Waver doesn't seem to enjoy it," wondered Fern. "She hides as much as possible, I think."

"She has never overcome her fear of being the wrong fork," murmured Molly.

"That wasn't nice, Fern," she added. "Mrs. Waver is a good woman."

woman, like my own mother, but I don't believe she is quite comfortable in all this magnificence. Governor Waver, on the other hand, likes it and consequently looks as if he belonged here."

"That's the trouble with most marriages," observed Fern from the depths of her twenty-one years of wisdom. "They're so unequal. It's perfectly ghastly. Molly, for either a man or a woman to marry beneath one's own capabilities of expansion."

"What does it say on the next page?" laughed Molly.

They were winding up out of the quaintly lighted sunken gardens, and they both stopped to admire the cold yet severe beauty of the big white marble house as it lay gleaming in the moonlight.

"That there's no danger of that with you and Bert, you lucky girl," replied Fern, with a queer note in her voice, at which Molly wondered. "Bert's a dandy fellow. It makes me hopping mad on your account when anybody knocks him."

"Has the Lord Help the Absent Member—clim got at him too?" asked Molly with a smile. "I thought only women were eligible for discussion."

"They take anybody," dryly commented Fern. "But after all, it is you who are the subject."

"Tell me the worst about me, Fern."

"You're a sensational hit," giggled Fern, "and that's enough to send you to the electric chair any place. However, they're taking it out in pity."

"They must hate me, then," Molly felt assured at last of her success. "But why?"

"Bert," responded Fern. "He isn't here."

He telephoned me this afternoon he might be late," said Molly, with a slightly worried air. "What of it?"

"Common malice, on view in the cloakroom, has it that he is at the present moment unrepresentable," stated Fern and waited. "It would be absurd if it were not so mean. I gave one out a piece of my mind about it. The feather-chinned woman with the purple confidence ribbons fastened on her certain chiffon with brass tortoise-tacks."

Molly bowed at the description. "Wow," she gasped. "That's Mrs. Senator Allerton. What did you say to her?"

"That she seemed so happy to be here, the worst and that."

"I'll give you my little spangle fan for that as soon as we go home," promised Molly.

"You're almost as liberal as Sledge," complimented Fern. "I wouldn't give you that spangle fan for worlds. What do you suppose is keeping Bert, Molly?"

"He's probably 'slewed,' to use the Sledge dictionary," responded Molly calmly.

"Does that mean the same as 'jug'?"

"Stupified," elucidated Molly. "Don't look so shocked, Fern. Bert isn't in the habit of it. Any of the boys will tell you that he's so sober he breaks up most of their parties."

"Then why did he show off tonight?"

"I believe they call it 'downing their sorrows,'" explained Molly quietly. "He lost everything today money, business prospects. Sledge broke him."

"Too Bert," sympathized the warm-hearted Fern. "Why that party forced out chief? Molly? He did it on your account, didn't he? How on earth did he work it?"

"Had Bert tie up all his money, in chasing some he borrowed in property, Sledge depreciated in value, then Sledge had the bank call the loan. Bert can't pay, and the bank seizes the property. Moreover, nobody will invest in Bert's enterprises since they know that Sledge is against him."

"I don't blame him for getting—what does Sledge call it?"

"Slewed,"

"Do you?" asked Fern.

"He'll probably feel sorry for it to-morrow," evaded Molly. "A man's conscience usually hurts him when he can't eat."

They had neared the house, and now a slender figure in black came rapidly toward them.

"Is that you, Molly?" inquired the anxious voice of Frank Marley.

"It is your fair daughter," she lightly assured him.

"They are missing you," he declared with all the responsibility of a successful showman. "The governor and his wife, Senator Allerton, the mayor and a dozen others have been inquiring about you. You are this year's prize beauty," and he laughed proudly.

Embarrassed by the display he apparently wished to make of her, Molly followed him into the maze of gorgeous drawing rooms, where the aristocracy of Eddy county and the state displayed its evening clothes in constantly shifting array.

The mayor himself, a keen-eyed young man with a preternaturally bald head and a reputation which followed him about like a black cat, came hurrying up to her with her dance program in his hand. With him was a gaunt old man with a professional lady killer smirk, whom he introduced by an unintelligible name and handed to Fern as a penance for all her misdeeds.

"They're already forming for the grand march," the mayor informed her as he led the way to the big ballroom where Molly had coveted for a year.

The line was half formed, and the parade was flitting rapidly and with much laughing confusion as the mayor hurried with her down toward the center of the hall, where the governor already stood with his lady.

"Where is our place?" asked Molly, figuring rapidly. There was a state

senator, a world famous sociologist, a musician of international reputation and three state representatives. The mayor probably would be about No. 8. "Oh, I'm not your partner!" he regretted. "I'm not so lucky. I don't even get to dance with you until No. 8." And to Molly's breathless delight he led her straight up to the eminent sociologist, who stood immediately behind the governor.

The eminent sociologist, who under that title had sounded so forbidding, proved to be a young looking man with a dancing eye, who hailed her with joy and unspokenly claimed attention solely on his merits as a "live member."

She found it difficult as he smiled so frankly and boyishly at her to remember that this was a man whose name was known throughout the civilized world for his keen thought upon political economy in its broadest sense, and the astounding part of it was that he was so good looking, graceful and self possessed and most astounding of all that he impulsively began to talk to her about backbiting.

The equally eminent musician just behind him, whom Professor Watt's acceptance for a national, and Molly's complimentary look along the floor, Mrs. Allerton, the wife of the senator, was not far behind her, looking her fingers into her partner's clothes as if to suppress a snigger, as she noted the purple confidence ribbons fastened on with tortoise-tacks, gazed calmly through her at the other social Lares and Bacchuses, whom she had passed at one ruthless bound.

Also, the next few eyes downward with much satisfaction at her own extremely simple frock of pearl woven white chiffon, only youth and a good figure could dare a frock like that, and happy in her new enemies, Molly danced at the dance program which had been made out for her.

She caught her breath with in-reed about joy as she saw her betrothed, every notable in the gathering was on her card, beginning with the governor No. 6 was Sledge, and she wondered with dawning horror what sort of ore he would be in the dance.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

The sympathy of everyone in the state will go out in this hour of sorrow to E. R. Vallandigham publisher of the Deming Headlight, who the past week lost his three daughters in a tragic railway crossing accident at Deming. In addition to the three girls, whose lives were so suddenly snuffed out, George Cribbet, linotype operator in the Headlight office, was fatally injured and Mr. Vallandigham seriously hurt.

The Independent, with the entire press of New Mexico extends its sincere condolences to both Mr. and Mrs. Vallandigham and may the sympathies extended by the friends and acquaintances in some measure alleviate their heartache at this time.—Silver City Independent.

THE DEMOCRATIC CHAIRMAN.

—Albuquerque Herald. Republican newspapers are certain Republican statesmen who generally speak before they think, and who do not often think, are heartily congratulating themselves and the G. O. P. on the election of Judge N. B. Laughlin to be chairman of the Democratic state committee. Judge Laughlin has been described by them as "an amiable, elderly gentleman, of unimpeachable character," the inference being that the activity of the veteran Santa Fe leader will end with being amiable, elderly and unimpeachable.

If this inference were justified by the facts there certainly would be cause for congratulation on the part of certain Republican statesmen, some of whom are "elderly" but few of whom are either "amiable" or of "unimpeachable character."

Comparisons may be obvious, but they are sometimes useful. In point of years Judge Laughlin is no older than is one Thomas Benton Catron, still the leader in the race for the Republican nomination to succeed himself in the United States senate. An earnest pursual of the Congressional Record for the past four years presents no proof that Judge Laughlin, private citizens, has not done more for New Mexico during those years than has Senator Catron. Prior to the period mentioned, there is no question in the mind of any well informed man as to which of the two has been the most useful and desirable citizen—judged by all standards. The comparison might be carried to other Republicans as prominent in leadership as Senator Catron, without prejudice to Judge Laughlin.

The inference that Judge Laughlin will confine his activities as state chairman to being "amiable," elderly and unimpeachable," is a violent inference. The prediction may be made with confidence that if Judge Laughlin is seriously interested in this campaign, and if he intends to go through it as chairman of the Democratic state committee, his years will not count in the least against his effectiveness. On the other hand his wide knowledge of conditions in the state; his years of observation and experience and his JUDGMENT—all qualifications which can only be had at the expense of years, should render him the most effective chairman the Democratic party has had in recent years. As for his being "amiable" that quality will do him no hurt. Lack of amiability on the part of certain chairmen we have had has contributed to a serious party trouble in the past. It may be that an unimpeachable character is a disadvantage in a political campaign—in the view of Republican statesmen. In Judge Laughlin's case it may prove useful. At any rate it will be refreshing by way of something new in state political direction.

As between Judge Laughlin and William B. Walton of Silver City, the Herald is frank to say that it would have preferred Mr. Walton on some

grounds, the chief of which is that Mr. Walton is one of a number of earnest, faithful Democrats who merit distinguished recognition at the hands of their party; who have not had such recognition during the past four years, and who, because either of lack of proper recognition or in some cases deliberate affront, have been forced out of more active participation in party affairs. In the coming election the Democratic party needs ALL Democrats. It needs particularly the able, loyal, courageous Democrats of the type of W. B. Walton, James F. Hinkle of Roswell and a number of others who could be named—and the most serious phase of the Santa Fe meeting, in so far as can be gathered is that there was ample evidence there of positive hostility to some of these men—without whom the party cannot have much hope of success. It is because Judge Laughlin is a man of mature years; it is because he has knowledge of the usefulness and the records in service of these men; it is because he has, in our belief, sense enough to recognize that one man, or two, or a half dozen—office holders and others, cannot make a successful political party, that the Herald sees in his elevation to the chairmanship some definite hope for the elimination of petty jealousies, spites and peanuts—an elimination which is absolutely essential to any prospect of success.

The Herald is a Democratic newspaper for the sole and only reason that its owners are Democrats at heart and in principle. The Herald is under no obligation to the Democratic party in New Mexico, or to any faction or any man within its lines. The Herald is first, last and all the time, a business institution; designed to earn a living for its owners along strictly commercial lines. But the party affiliations of a lifetime cannot be broken down by the presence in a party organization of men of meager vision and limited intelligence, and we hope that the strong men in the party will rally to the party's support now; that personal ambitions and above all personal antagonisms will be put aside and that men who merit recognition and consideration will be given their deserts. We should thoroughly enjoy going behind a campaign program put forward by a united, aggressive, enthusiastic party. We will have difficulty bringing any enthusiasm to a party organization which is chiefly concerned in promoting the personal ambitions of a little ring, or of looking out for the interests of men who would push strong men aside because of fear of being overshadowed.

There is no room in the Democratic party in New Mexico for single-track politicians. There is no room for factions. There is plenty of room for broad-shouldered, unselfish, courageous leadership. A committee man who seeks to refuse consideration to a fellow Democrat because of personal antagonism, should be put out of the committee. A leader who seeks to encourage and promote factions should be deprived of his leadership. As for Judge Laughlin, the Herald believes he will be the first man to recognize existing necessities in the party and that he has not only the strength but the ability to see to it that those necessities are served.

CARD OF THANKS.

Carlsbad, N. M., Feb. 6, 1916. Editor Carlsbad Current: Please say to the good people of Carlsbad through the columns of your paper that I feel very, very kindly to them for their generous contribution in my behalf.

Very respectfully,
MRS. MAY BERRY.

LOTS FOR SALE.

The two choice lots opposite the Methodist church on the north, formerly owned by the late John Byrns are for sale at a sacrifice. Any one desiring a couple of fine corner lots, no purchase them on time or for cash by applying at the Current office.

NOTICE OF MEETING OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

The Board of County Commissioners and Assessor will meet in the office of the Commissioners in Carlsbad, at ten o'clock A. M., Monday, February 14th, 1916, for the purpose of classifying and fixing the values for taxation on all lands in Eddy county. Individuals or committees from all sections of the County will be heard by the Assessor and Board of County Commissioners as to the values and classes of lands in their respective neighborhoods, before action is taken in classifying and fixing values for the year 1916.

The Board will appreciate any assistance that will prevent injustice to any section of the county.

C. W. BEEMAN,
Chairman.

4-Feb-2

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Berko Compound, and 4 oz. of olive oil. Apply to the hair twice a week until it becomes the desired shade. Any druggist can put this up, or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for mixing and use come in each box of Berko Compound. It will gradually disperse, streaked, faded, gray hair, and remove dandruff. It is excellent for falling hair and will make harsh hair soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Serial No. 416509. United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, January 21, 1916. Notice is hereby given that Lewis G. LaChapelle and Cecelia LaChapelle, by Bart A. Nymeyer, their attorney in fact, have filed in this office their application No. 016509 to enter under the provisions of the Act of June 4, 1897, (30 Stat. 36) the following described lands, to-wit:

Northeast Quarter (NE 1-4) of the Northwest Quarter (NW 1-4), Section Fourteen (14), Township Twenty-two (22) South, Range Thirty-five (35) East, N. M. P. M.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands above described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal of said land to the applicants, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 29th day of February, 1916.

EMMETT PATTON,
Register.

1st. Pub. Jan. 28, 1916.
Last. Pub. Feb. 25, 1916.

APPLICATIONS FOR GRAZING PERMITS.—NOTICE is hereby given that all applications for permits to graze cattle, horses, hogs, sheep and goats within the ALAMO NATIONAL FOREST during the season of 1916 must be filed in my office at Alamogordo, New Mexico, on or before March 1, 1916. Full information in regard to the grazing fees to be charged and blank forms to be used in making applications will be furnished upon request. R. F. HALTHUIS, Supervisor. Jan. 25—Feb. 25.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, December 31, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, under the provisions of the Acts of Congress approved June 21, 1898 and June 20, 1910, and acts supplementary and amendatory thereto, has filed in this office selection lists for the following described lands:

List No. 6088. Serial No. 033604. N 1-2, Sec. 25, Tp. 25-S, Range 37-E, N. M. P. Mer. 329 acres.
List No. 6089. Serial No. 033605. N 1-2, SW 1-4, Sec. 30, Tp. 25-S, Range 38-E, N. M. P. Mer. 480 acres.
List No. 6879. Serial No. 033607. Lots 1, 2, 3, and 4, S 1-2 NE 1-4, S 1-2 NW 1-4, Sec. 1, Tp. 19-S, Range 34-E, N. M. P. Mer. 334.48 acres.
List No. 6880. Serial No. 033608. W 1-2 NE 1-4, Sec. 19, Tp. 20-S, Range 38-E, NE 1-4 NE 1-4, Sec. 17, Tp. 20-S, Range 35-E, N. M. P. Mer. 120 acres.

Protests or contests against any or all of such selections may be filed in this office during the period of publication hereof, or at any time before final certificate.

EMMETT PATTON,
Register.

21-Jan-4

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Roswell, New Mexico, November 30, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that the State of New Mexico, under the provisions of the Acts of Congress approved June 21, 1898 and June 20, 1910, and acts supplementary and amendatory thereto, has filed in this office selection lists for the following described lands:

List No. 6095. Serial No. 033237. SW 1-4 NE 1-4, Sec. 20, NE 1-4 NE 1-4, Sec. 29, Tp. 25-S, Range 21-E, N. M. P. Mer. 80 acres.

Protests or contests against any or all of such selections may be filed in this office during the period of publication hereof, or at any time before final certificate.

EMMETT PATTON,
Register.

14-Jan-5

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

#20259

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell, New Mexico, Jan. 10, 1916.

NOTICE is hereby given that J. Stanislaus Stachowiak, of Carlsbad, N. M., who, on Sept. 25, 1909, made HD E. Serial No. 020259, for W 1-2 NW 1-4; and W 1-2 SW 1-4, Section 21, Township 21-S, Range 2-E, N. M. P. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before A. R. O'Quinn, Probate Clerk of Eddy County, at Carlsbad, New Mexico, on Feb. 15, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Washington W. Simpson, Christopher C. Hutto, Henry H. Clark, John G. Smith, all of Carlsbad, N. M.

EMMETT PATTON,
Register.

Jan. 14—Feb. 11

NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, Eddy County, New Mexico.

No. 306.

In the Matter of the Estate of Charles Burton, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that E. B. Hillger, Administrator of the estate of Charles Burton, deceased, having filed in this court his first and final report of his administration of said estate, and a petition for his discharge as administrator of said estate, the hearing of the same has been